

and just as beautiful and just as beautiful and just as beautiful and gaudy. It is said that newly marked to may or June of each year, often take these tents and dream away the summers in them. The artist is responsible for the statement, and it does credit to the poetry in his soul, but it seems to the reporter that if this is the case the brides must all have been widows with large families. In fact, there is no doubt about the families and should be none about the widows.

AND PRETTY OIRLS A-PLENTY.

spirits. Here are no seemic marvels, he picturesque walks or climbings, no drives amid rassural wonders, no chances to be luited to perfect rest amid the hum of tiny life and the heavy other.

On last Monday two fishermen in a surf boat pulled sturdily up to the strand at Ocean Grove, and, catching a breaker just right, were shot upon the beach. A leap upon the shore by both and a grip on either side of the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came completed the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just as the next billow came control in the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just complete the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just complete the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just be seen that complete the delicate work of landing, and left the boat just be seen that complete the delicate work of landing, and left the boat in the work of landing, and left the country work in the work of landing of course, but they are few and very far apart, and suits cost that massing of animate objects must have been quarter in them. Fancy being objected lower two landing of life, There are bath houses here in which robes may be hirded to live twelve in a tent for \$30 the season, and then they are few and very far apart, and suits cost they are few and very far apart, and suits cost they are few and very far apart, and suits cost they are few and very far apart, and suits cost they are few and very far apart, and suits cost and in places was swarming and black with people massed, like social respectively. The season was an into cities at the landing the season of the

brow rendezvous; Rockaway, the Irish beach; Cape May, the meeting place of gay and frivol-ous Baltimoreans and Richmondites and Phildeiphians, or Narragansett Pier, where, too. pearly all are pure Americans, but of the worldfashionable, well-to-de sort. What pleasure and profit there will be in lifting, like Asmos, the roofs from these places and seeing how these healthy, strong-framed, simple, and very proper folks are spending their holidays.

Of course, the tent life in Ocean Grove is the most peculiar feature in either place. The first glimpse that is had of the Grove is of a row of tents facing Wesley Lake, and afterward whole cets lined with tents are encountered. All re large and double-roofed, and made more or as pretty by cornices of scalloped canvass or porch roofs of striped stuff. Some are greatly atified by means of hanging baskets, pots of flowers, lace portiores, and other pretty-pretties. But the largest ones are not as large as an ordinary parlor, and yet must serve as homes for from five to a dozon persons; mothers, fathers, boys and girls, and sometimes servants. And room must always be taken for a apartment five feet deep, for " appearances," and for a bureau, clock, fancy lamp, ocker, and the nasal-toned parler organ, to the poise of which apparently all the denizens of park and grove are addicted. Imagine the life for three months at a time in such a huddle,



A SHADOW SCHAR with privacy pover obtainable. On the other hand, remember the good the people get from the sea air, and from being compelled to keep out of doors except when they eat or sleep,

The artist has shown a tent kitchen in which a girl in a bathing dress is preparing breakfast. These kitchens are about as big as two wooden election boxes, and oil stoves are used in them for cooking. The entire morning in many tents is spent in bathing dresses, be-



wooden election boxes, and oil stoves are used in them for cooking. The entire morning in many tents is spont in bathing dresses, because weap breakfast is over and the dishes are washed it is time to go to the beach. From the bathing is enjoyed, and it is wonderful then to see the women and stris parading the streets to and from the water in clothes that not one of them would show herself in anywhere clee. So much foun, and even anger, has been vented on account of this custom that a great many women wear waterproofs reaching from their neeks to their feet, but these are often so carelossly managed that every breeze that the breeze that fittine is not masting them. It must be that it it fring us.

The same custom is less general in Asbury Park yet in the smaller streets and from the poorer houses many observe it. The owner of the piace, a brushmaker named Brailey, has but up a number of insolent signs along the water, on the beach and it has been every breeze that there is so much more of it, the erowla being so vast here. Some of these signs announce that



side so there to have; first, set marriest, show their clother and fauros, battle with the waves, and to eat three ments a day thin talmost seem a surest on the season to come to be anothing less than very leading young maidens, deep in the art of antendament minister to do ait this? And are very healthy young maidens, deep in the art of antendament maintendament of the pretty or not? Say no more. Suffice it that the women on this beach render the place like unto John Hoey's garden at Hollywood.

In the evening, close alrow frought from the hotois and cottages and tents down to the beach to walk upon the board walk. Like spaniaries, they wear no bonnets, but either allow their pretty fresses to tremble in the wanton breeze or they perch detilt on their grown, the distincts mantillas of white laces or pale-blue silk or of armbequeries of worsted. Sometimes, to distinct mantillas of white laces or pale-blue silk or of armbequeries of worsted. Sometimes, to the distinct of the silk of the silk

boor man. She could not have her wis about her. Then, again, she might fall in love with a min slimply because he was nice; just there. There are men, and so there are women who, are perfectly lovely under an umbreila, and yet are perfect steks in the outer world."

There is this to be added for our own part and solely as faithful chroniclers of what we saw. Umbreilas shielding young couples are so thick on the beach that the visia in the forenon is like that nadong a great bed of supernatural mushrooms. It is as though a school or bed of queer shell lish had come ashore to sun themselves, and were siring there with their legs protruding from their shells in readiness to scamper back to the water at a moment's warning. poor man. She could not have her was about

to the water at a moment's warning. NO RUM-UNLESS YOU WANT SOME.

to the water at a moment's warning.

No RUM—UNLESS YOU WANT SOME.

These twin cities are temperance places. We understand that the very deeds of the lots contain clauses forbidding the sole or giving away of liquer. There is not, and there was, a barroom in either place. And there is no privation about this to the bulk of those who are bere. They don't drink intoxicants. They regard them with herrer. Not only would they vets overwhelmingly for prohibition if they had the chance, but so would those others there who have green glass bottles and flasks in their trunks. There are a good many flasks in both the Grove and the Park, but they are hidden there by it reads a good many flasks in both the Grove and the Park, but they are hidden there by its room who never entered a barroom or allowed the worlds know they tasted spirits. These are the ones who think drinking is single, exe at when it is done by themselves. As a rule, they are women—and deacons.

But a new element is entering this straightines asciety. The Irish and the Hebrews—two races who enjoy life, and live for to-day rather than to-morrow—have been attracted there by the beautiful bench and wholesome cool air. They would have no right to companing if they would get nothing to drink, for they know it's a rule of the mine, but they can get all they want. Here's our experience in a nutshell: At the hote we stopped at claret and obsern and constrain were to be seen at the tabes. They were surrounded by an atmesphere of Intschool, but perhans they instead put and who shore on a surface in the sole companion. Then he whispered: But as do you, if you went any. You have to pretend that so as to sine d the landort."

That night we gave the porter at lip for some service. Are you getting all you want to

That night we gave the porter a tip for some service. "Are you getting all you want to drink?" he asked. He added: "Ah, yes; no nade togo dirry here wanst veknow the ropes." Near by was a hotel well patronized by Jews. We have no barroom," said one; "but you can get along without a barroom when you have whatever you like on the table or sent to

where you have the door of a drug store when two women came along. They were in their bathing dresses.

"Let's go in and get some brandy," said one.

"They keep saide brandy in there, don't

care of his wife, and when the wife goes out driving or warking with the New Yorker the husband sees them to the door, kisees her, and



A MODEL TEST. wishes her a good time. She met the New Yorker here for the first time a fortnight ago."

Forker here for the first time a fortnight ago."

LIKE A NOVELETTE-BUT TRUE.

But the Ocean Grove story that we heard is peculiar in itself and to the place. It is a recital of actual facts—occurrences to a man who told the tale to us as it was unfolded in his experience night after night for four nights.

Four young women came to Ocean Grove from the northern part of Illinois, from a village there that is nearly big enough to be cityling, there that is nearly big enough to be citylined. Two are almost old maids, who are rebellious against fate and are so anxious to be married that they appear sometimes to feel that mode'sty and discretion have proven barriers against matrimony. So now and then at desperate moments they transide down these barriers. Not much, though; the crackling of the outer twigs frightens them, and the enapping of a single heavy branch in the thicket dismays them so that they hasten back to the domain of prim and old maidish decorum. It is old that they are unmarted, for troy are still fair to the eye, tall, graceful, tasteful in dress, and bave money.

The other two young women are simply belies, proyncial belies—one with a face as pink and rosy and clump as a rise peach; the other slender, languid, a little of an invalid for the moment, and with great deep, soulful eyes. They are eyes that have never been opened on the false and morbid side of life. The other girl, she of the bloom of the peach, is also medest and unsophisticated and yet both are quite accomplished, can play and sing and dance and discuss Robert Louis Stevensen's talents, the American opers, and the differences between Mary Anderson and Margaret Mather. The beach sands here yield every day a thousand times to the silippers of girls just as fresh and pure and as pretty, but to few so well-informed and mentally attractive. And yet beyond an ecasional week in Chicago these girls know little of the world, except what they have read. LIKE A NOVELETTE-BUT THUE.

world, except what they have read.

disc such an old-established and wealthy and enlightened society has created here."
"Then let's go back to the beach and sit down." said he. "Oh. no; not on the saud, but down, said he. On no; not on the said, but in the pavillon, or whisever you wish."
But they never got back to the beach that night, and he never yet has told herathout Newbort, he says. For when they turned toward the soa the little lady put a tiny hand on his arm and lifted the wealth of beauty in her face, so that her eyes looked into his, and, somehow,



GOING TO THE BATH.

she halted him. It must have been her words that did it—or her manner.

"You are a gentleman, aren't you," she asked, "and want me to think you one?"

"Great Scott!" said ha. "Excuse me; I mean—why certainly. But look here; never mind what I am so long as I know what you are. By the way, my name is Frank Dash, and I am in Wall street, a broker, you know."

"I have a confession to make," said she, in trembling tones. "I am doing something I am ashaned of. I never walked with a strange gentleman before. I din't want to hear about Newport so much as to say that in a few moments we must part, and I want to ask you if you can think at all well of me affor this, when you leave me?"

He tried to spoak, but found it useless.

"You see," she went on, "those other ladles waved their hands and nodded to you and my friend Vira and I, just on impulse, you know, didas they did. We never thought of this happening: truly, we did not. You have told me your name; mine is an odious one. Hannah lians, and i live at so-and-so," telling the name of the town.

It took one hour and thirty-five minutes for the broker to explain that he could see how it all was and that her mistake had been his fortune, and so on—with a little about her eyes and voice and intelligence that caused her to say that she must go home, although there was "mere to tell," she said, "only it didn't matter now, as they would never meet again." The prospect of not seeing her again led to a new discussion and further waking, and ended by his taking her to her door and saying: "At 10 to-morrow morning I shall be where I met you. he halted him. It must have been her words

the weakness and wrong fulness of her conduct. He replied that he would be at a certain piace at a certain hour next morning. She was there, and they became all but inscenarable. He over-

and they became all but inseparable. He over-stayed his date for departure, and last Sunday he met her for the last time—certainly the last time this summer. Never, since the here of your favorite novel came into a fortune and bore off the rich man's daughter to the altaron the last page of the book, were man and woman happier than these two



end of Ocean Grove. They were designed and done, presumably by some clever Rohemian, sented in his studio and talking to a shapely model hirod at a quarter an hour, and as unconstrained and light hearted as any one over was who, like her, was conscious of working hard for an honest living, though she may have that nothing on but her complexion. Yet note what good even Rohemians and models may do. This angel of theirs performed a miracle.

Oh, there is that angel. Miss Peachbloom exclaimed, "and there's another a little way down. I cannot peass them, I cannot bear to see them. I must leave you here and go home. No, you must not go with me, please, This has gone far enough and now it must end.

Of course he did go home with her, full of wonder, as all reasoning men ever must be in the presence of the levelier sex. Site in ited him on the stoop, and there, in a very excitel state, she told him that either he or she must leave the seaside next morning they must cert.

The kind to me," she said: "I am engaged to a faithful good young man at home, and he trusts me completely. Infour days you have mule must be feel my love for alm, which I never doubted until now, growing fainter and fainter, until I fear it will seen all be gone. I was so happy with him, and he is so true and good.

Hannah," said he, "have I taken part of his place in your heart?"

'I didn't say so."

Then say that I have not."

"Never mind; only please go away."

The broker had as floe a moustache as there is in Wall street, but he bit it and seemed about to swalow one side of it. After a while he said, cheerily. You're right, and I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll leave this place to-morrow early, and I won't come back. In three months write me whether it's to be the Illinois fellow or me, If it's me, Hannah, I'll be atyour house in twenty-four hours, even if the 'limited' breaks down and I have to fly. Nov. 8, remember of the limited there.

in twenty-four hours, even if the limited breaks down and I have to fly. Nov. 8, remem-



A WESLFT LARK PERRYBOAT. "So that's what stirred up her conscience, eh? D—the thing, I believe its phaster, and I'vehalf a mind to come around at midnight and pulverize it."

half a mind to come around at midnight and pulverize it."

THE ARTIST AND THE ARTISTIC.

An uncommon interest in art is shown where so many are gathered together. THE SUN'S artist was never allowed to keep to bimself the pleasure his work afforded him. Once he selected an empty corner of a beach pavilion from which to sketch some bathers. For twenty minutes he worked with his pencil, carrying to his white-leaved nad the pictures spread before his eyes. He flattered himself that he had been rather skilful in working so as to attract no attention. Presently he put has pencil in his vest pocket and his road in his coat pocket, and arose and looked around. Whathe saw surprised him, Men and women, four rows deep, stood behind him, gathered there to look over his shoulder. Behind them, and leoking over their heads, were girts and boys standing on the pavilion bench and rail, and on the cross bars and pillars, above the others, were beys who shad been einging the posts with their legs.

He found the most varied assertment of tath-ing dresses here that yet had been encountered in one place. The short skirts and those short-er trousers, that must be taken for granted, first seen at Narraganesett Pier and next at Cape May, were here. So were the long-legged uniforms, thought to be peculiar to Reckaway, but not so pienty here, for there are few women who prefer to look hideous. All manner of so pienty here, for there are few women refer to look hideous. All manner of trimmings are the rule here—colored who prefer to look fitteds. All manner of pretty frimmings are the rule here—voiced bands of ribbon, pretty embroidery, white yokes, and wedge-like insertions of white or striped goods in the backs of the waists. The newest thing that was seen



WILBUR F. STOREY'S WILL THE FIGHT OVER THE FORTUNE LEFT

> BY A GREAT EDITOR. Three Decisions in the Courts and the Property Still Entangled in the Moshes of the Law-Aspirations of the Widow. CHICAGO, Aug. 7 .- Wilbur F. Storey, the

famous editor, to whose professional ability and untiring industry the Chicago Times is a monument, was always a queer man. He was very reticent in his intercourse with others; cynical in his judgment of men; rather in-clined to be suspicious of those about him; rarely admitted anybody to his confidence; never sought intimacies, and admitted few to anything approaching that relation, and kept himself to himself to a notable extent.

He married three wives. From the first by was diverced; the second died, and the third survives as the principal legates under his will. He never had any children. A brother and sister survive him.

Mr. Storey's long devotion to a rapidly increasing business resulted in a complete collapse of both mind and body, which culminated in 1883, from which time he remained an imbeelle unt'l his death in the fall of 1884. Prior to his death, on the petition of his heirs other than his wife, Mr. R. M. Patterson, for many years business manager of his newspaper, was appointed conservator of his estate, which was considerable aside from the Times itself, which could probably have been sold for about a million dollars. Early in 1881, however, Mr. Storey had made a will, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his wife, with provisions for life annulties of \$1,000 each to his only brother, Anson L. Storey, and his only sister, Mrs. Farrand. Story, the widow, immediately after his death,

Mr. Storey's physical and mental condition preceding his death had been such, and was so notorious, that nobody supposed he would ever again be able to conduct the newspaper, and much engerness was manifested by several conflicting interests to secure it. Offers to purchase it outright were made, but could not be

and much engerness was manifested by several conflicting interests to secure it. Offers to purchase it outright were made, but could not be acted upen. Meantime, under Mr. Patterson's direction, its working staff remained unchanged, and its general policy was continued substantially as Mr. Storey had established it. The paper had a very wine elrenistion in the political affairs of it. Inous, as well as of adjacent States. It was a power recognized by ioniticians generally, and respected or dreaded as the case might be. And it against properties in the political affairs of it. Inous, as well as of adjacent States. It was a power recognized by ioniticians generally, and respected from directing it, its influence continued to be exerted.

When Mr. Storey's death was announced, then began the desperate strugge for the future control of this powerful engine. Mr. Patterson was approached, but could say nothing. Mrs. Storey was approached, but could say nothing. Mrs. Storey was approached, but could say nothing. Mrs. Storey was approached and would say nothing. Nrs. Storey was approached and would say nothing. Nrs. Storey was approached to settlement of the centre to accomplish which cent it would be necessary to prevent the probate of the will. The brother and sister and some more distant relatives were induced to context the will, and a general inquiry into Mr. Storey's mental condition at the time of making the testament was pressed before the Probact court, on the ground of the testantor's mental incapacity.

In the pregress of these proceedings a very remarkable circumstance was developed. The subscribing withesses to the will were united in the opinion that Mr. Storey is mot of sound mind when he executed it. But apposed to that opinion was marshaded a strong array of with object of the approached the subscribed of the business department of that paper, outside business department of that paper, outside business department of that paper, outside business department of the paper, which have been at the tings of t





AT THE DOUBLE CITY BY THE SEA.



from the hotel to the beach, when the two maidens of riper ages met his lail-uncombowed to him. He looked behind, thought them rather past their crine, and then he looked behind again. Let no reader to surprised; exactly this is what is coing on all up and down the exact from Bar Harsor to Fiorica at this precise comment.

These condition he looked behind he saw the two younger girls, and one of them waved a little howyr hand behind a light bue wast of silk, throwing the palm into boid relief, which suited it, for it was pretty enough to mesmerize a duke.

"By Jeve!" said he almost aloud, "It's all true about this olacce-and they are as protty

ize a duke.

"By Jave." said he almost aloud. "it's all true about this place—and they are as pretty and graceful as nymphs. Here goes."

He turned upon his heel and caught up with the younger pair, who were welking as if they were anxious to lose themselves from him in the crowd. He caught up to the peach-like girl and detained her.

"Oh, this is too radiculous," said she, and called for her companion, who then took to ler heois, or rather to her toes, and was gone like the flight of a cloud of sea mist in the wind, irrative than ever in her confusion and dismay. "See must be with me or I must go home." He was amused and self-peacesed. He offered to take her home, and the two started before they reached the little boarding estage among the

Now comes the man who told the story as it was being weven. He is a city man, who came of Asbury Park because it was smilt to be "frestly fast." He had heard of the flirting and the permandulation of the storets in dresses the store of the



